

coming nearer. "Did you ever have to

"Yes, Carolyn May, I have to write

"Oh, yes! So you do!" the little girl

And that must be a terribly tedfour

thing to do, for they have to be longer

than my composition-a great deal

"So it is a composition that is troub-

"Yes, sir. I don't know what to

write-I really don't. Miss Minnie

says for us not to try any flights of

fancy. I don't just know what those

are. But she says, write what is in us.

Now, that don't seem like a composi-

tion," added Carolyn May doubtfully.

plained the little girl, staring in a

"Carolyn May," He Said, "What Are

she had written several lines. "You

see, I have written down all the things

child," said the minister, quickly reach-

ing down for the slate. When he

"In me there is my heart, my liver,

"For pity's sake!" Mr. Driggs shut

"I guess it isn't much of a compo-

The minister was having no little

"Go around to the door, Carolyn

May, and ask Mrs. Driggs to let you

in. Perhaps I can help you in this

the little girl. "That is awful kind of

The clergyman did not seem to mind

neglecting his task for the pleasure of

helping Carolyn May with hers. He

explained quite cienciy just what Miss

Minnie meant by "writing what is in

"Oh! it's what you think about a

thing yourself-not what other folks cried Carolyn May. "Why, I

can do that. I thought it was some-

Then I can write about anything I

thing like those physerology lessons

"I think so," replied the minister.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, Mr. Driggs," the little girl said. "I wish

I might do something for you in re-

"Help me with my sermon, per

"I would if I could, Mr. Driggs."

"Well, now, Carolyn May, how would

you go about writing a sermon if you

"Oh, Mr. Driggs!" exciaimed the

little girl, clasping her hands. "I know

sermons that I have never yet found."

"Why, Mr. Driggs, I'd try to write

every word so's to make folks that

heard it appier. That's what I'd do. I'd make 'em look up and see the sun-

shine and the sky—and the moun-tains, 'way off yonder—so they'd see nothing but bright things and breathe only good air and hear birds sing—

Oh, dear me, that—that is the way I'd

"Oh, will you, Mr. Driggs?" cried

sition, Mr. Driggs," Carolyn May said

frankly. "But how can you make your

difficulty in restraining his mirth.

composition writing."

want to, can't I?"

haps?" he asked, smiling.

had one to write?"

just how I'd do it."

Carolyn May wes very earnest.

you.

you."

"For pity's sake! let me see

was amazed by the following:

that I 'member is in me."

You Writing?"

"Why, writing what is in us," ex-

"What doesn't."

ling you," the young minister re-

"You have to write sermons.

one or two each week." And he

write a composition?"

sighed.

longer.

marked.

CHAPTER XIV-Continued

"Pick him up and put him on the sled here, boys," Mr. Stage said, "Fill carry Hannah's Car'lyn myself."

The party, including the excited Prince, got back to the docks without agreed, losing any time and without further accident. Still the chapel bell was ringing and somebody said!

"We'd have been up a stump for knowing the direction if it hadn't been for that bell."

"Me, too," muttered Chet Gormley. "That's what kep' me goin', folksthe chapel bell. It just seemed to be callin' me home."

Joseph Stagg, carried his piece up to Mrs. Gormley's little house, while one of the men belped Chet along to the same destination. The seamstress met them at the door, wildly excited.

"And what do you think?" she cried. They took Mandy Parlow home in Tim's back. She was just done up, they tell me, pullin' that chapel bell. Did you ever hear of such a silly critter-just because she couldn't find the eexton!"

"Hum! you and I both seem to be mistaken about what constitutes silliness, Mrs. Gormley," grumbled the hardware dealer. "I was for calling your Chet silly, till I learned what he'd done. And you'd better not call Miss Mandy silly. The sound of the chapel bell gave us all our bearings. Both of 'em. Chet and Miss Mandy, did their

Carolyn May was taken home in Tim's back, too. To her surprise, Tim was ordered to stop at the Parlow house and go in to ask how Miss Amanda was.

By this time the story of her pulling of the chapel bell rope was all over Sunrise Cove and the back driver was anturally as curious as anybody. So be willingly went into the Parlow cottage, bringing back word that she was resting comfortably, Doctor Nugent baving just left her.

"An' she's one brave gal," declared Tim. "Pitcher of George Washington! pullin' that bell rope ain't no baby's

Carolyn May did not altogether un-Serstand what Miss Amanda had done, but she was greatly pleased that Uncle Joe had so pininly displayed his puzzled fashion at her slate, on which interest in the carpenter's daughter.

The next morning Carolyn May seemed to be in good condition. Indeed, she was the only individual vitally interested in the adventure who did not pay for the exposure. Even Prince had barked his legs being hauled out on the ice. Uncle Joe had caught a bad cold in his head and suffered from it for some time. Miss my lungs, my verform pendicks, my Amanda remained in bed for several stummick, two ginger cookies, a piece days. But it was poor Chet Gormley of pepmint candy and my dinner." who paid the dearest price for participation in the exciting incident. Doc- off this explosion by a sudden cough. tor Nugent had hard work fighting off pneumonia.

Mr. Stagg surprised himself by the inwards be pleasant reading?" interest he took in Chet. He closed his store twice each day to call at the Widow Gormley's house.

Mr. Stagg found himself talking with Chet more than he ever had before. The boy was lonely and the man found a spark of interest in his heart for him that he had never previously discovered. He began to probe into his young employee's thoughts, to learn something of his outlook on life; perhaps, even, he got some inkling of Chet's ambitton.

That week the ice went entirely out of the cove. Spring was at hand, with its muddy roads, blue skies, sweeter airs, soft rains and a general revivifying feeling.

Aunty Rose declared that Carolyn think," May began at once to "perk up." Perhaps the cold, long winter had been hard for the child to bear.

One day the little girl had a more than ordinarily hard school task to perform. Everything did not come easy to Carolyn May, "by any manner of means," as Aunty Rose would have said. Composition writing was her bane and Miss Minnie had instructed Carolyn May's class to bring in a written exercise the next morning. The little girl wandered over to the churchyard with her slate and pencil-and Prince, of course—to try to achieve the composition.

The windows of the minister's study everlooked this spot and he was sit ting at his desk while Carolyn May was laboriously writing the words on her slate (having learned to use a slate), which she expected later to copy into her composition book.

The Rev. Afton Driggs watched her puzzled face and laboring fi gers for ome moments before calling out of his window to her. Several sheets of sermon paper lay before him on the desk and perhaps he was having almoet as hard a time putting on the paper what he desired to say as Carelyn May was having with her writ-

Finally, he came to the window and poke to her. "Carolyh May," he skid, grave as he listened to her, but he kissed her warmly as he thanked her "Oh, Mr. Driggs, is if at you?" said and bade her good-by. When she had gone from the study he read again.

sheet of sermon paper. It was taken from the book of the prophet Jero "To write every word so's to make

folks that heard it happier," he murmured as he crumpied the sheet of pa-per in his hand and dropped it in the waste-basket.

CHAPTER XV.

The Awakening.

With the opening of spring and the close of the sledding season, work had stopped at Adams' camp. Rather, the entire plant had been shipped twenty miles deeper into the forest-mill, bunkhouse, cook shed and such corrugated-iron shacks as were worth carting away.

busy camp were huge heaps of sawdust, piles of slabs, discarded timbe and the half-burned bricks into which had been built the portable boller and

engine. And old Judy Mason. She was not considered worth moving to the new site of the camp. She was bedridden with rheumatism. This was the report Tim, the backman, had brought in.

The old weman's husband had gone with the outfit to the new camp, for he could not afford to give up his work. Judy had not been so bad when the camp was broken up, but when Tim went over for a load of slabs for summer firewood, he discovered her quite helpless in her bunk and almost starving. The rheumatic attack had become serious.

Amanda Parlow had at once ridden over with Doctor Nugent.

"How brave and helpful it is of Miss Amanda!" Carolyn May cried. "Dear me, when I grow up I hope I can be a gradjerate nurse like Miss Mandy."

"I reckon that's some spell shead." thuckled Mr. Parlow, to whom she said this when he picked her up for a drive after taking his daughter to the camp.

"Mr Parlow," the girl ventured after a time, "don't you think now that Miss Amanda ought to be happy?"

"Happy!" exclaimed the carpenter. startled, "What about, child?" "Why, about everything. You know. nce I asked you about her being hap-

py, and-and you didn't seem fav'rable. You said 'Bah!' " The old man made no reply for a minute and Carolyn May had the pa-

tience to wait for her suggestion to "sink in." Finally he said: "I dunne but you're right, Carlyn May. Not that it matters much, I guess, whether a body's happy or not

in this world," he added grudgingly. "Oh, yes, it does, Mr. Parlow! It matters a great deal, I am sure to us and to other people. If we're not happy inside of us, how can we be cheerful outside, and so make other people happy? And that is what I

mean about Miss Amanda." "What about Mandy?" "She isn't happy," sighed Carolyn May. "Not really. She's just as good as good can be. She is always doing for folks and helping. But she cas't

"Why not?" growled Mr. Parlow, his face turned away.

be real happy."

"Why-'cause- Well, you know. brought it to a level with his eyes he Mr. Parlow, she can't be happy as long as she and my Uncle Joe are mad at each other."

> Mr. Parlow uttered another grunt. but the child went bravely og.

"You know very well that's so. I don't know what to do about it. It just seems too awful that they should hardly speak, and yet be so fond of each other deep down."

"How d'you know they're so fond of each other-deep down?" Mr. Parlow demanded.

"I know my Uncle Joe likes Mist Mandy, 'cause he always speaks soso respectful of her. And I can see she likes him, in her eyes," replied the

"You do? Tell me how, then, my dear," he returned, smiling. "Perhaps beervant Carolyn May. "Oh, yes, Mr. Parlow, they ought to be happy again. you ave an inspiration for writing and we ought to make 'em so.'

"Huh! Who ought to?" "You and me. We ought to find some way of doing it. I'm sure we can, if we just think hard about it."

"Huh !" grunted the carpenter again turning Cherry into the dooryard. "Hah!"

This was not a very encouraging re-Yet be did think of it. The ought in Mr. Parlow's mind that he little girl bad started a train

(NO BE CONTINUED.)

## NEW AMERICAN

Aims and Ideals of the United States and Canada Will Soon Be Signed.

lands are low in price.

culties of crussing and recrossing re-

resultaption of the large influx of set

ties, most of which, of course, was tru-

penting and creating trouble and dis-

current and arms in life should be any

thing but of an unfriendly character.

sigh perrones had in steer by the Unit

Canada shiring the period of the war

The citizen army of the United States

way quickly mobilized, and contained

from the forms. In this way many

were prevented train going to Canada.

That is all over now. There are no

val or imaginary restrictions; there is

no deaft has to interfere. On the con-

has been brought about to the knowl-

edge of what has been done in the re-

accomplished. In thought and feeling,

in tanguage, in alms in life, in work,

is desire to build up a new world.

there has been bred a kinship which is

as indissabilite as time itself - Adver-

large percentage of the young men

The war is over, peace will soon be igned, the fighting nations have sheathed their swords, and the day of econstruction has come. What of it!

Hundreds of thousands of men, taka from the fields of husbandry, from the ranks of labor, from the four walls of the counting house, and the confines of the workshop, taken from them to do their part, their large part, in the prevention of the spoliation of the world and in the mountime removed from the gent of common exercitive life, will be returning only to find in many cases old positions filled, the anchinery with which they were formeets attached dislocated.

Air they to become aimless wancters, with the ultimate possibility of angmenting an army of menacing innfers? If they do it it is because their ability to assist in laying new founds. tions in building up much required structures, is underestimated who have fought as they have fought. is have risked and faced dangers as have are not of the catiler fikely fluich when it comes to the rosto on of what the enemy partially dedestroyed, when it comes to the reconoction of the world the ideals of - is they had in view when they treak post in the great struggle whose Divine purpose was to bring about this re-

Inured to tell, thoughtless of fatigue ined an in/flittive and hardened by elr nutdoor exercise they will be iru better and stronger men, buss If have matured and young men will

They will decide of themselves lines. section and thought, and what their oture should and will be. On the field of buttle they developed alertness nd wisdom and they will return with ath shedding from every pore

Action was their by word and it will and them in good stend now that the in of the battle no longer rings in their ears, or the zero hour signals them to the fray, and it will continue ring their entire existence.

But if they return to find their old cocation gone, their places fitted, the instituctions with which they were connected no longer exist new walks of life and employment must be opened to them. It mus be that the counting house, the factory, the workshop will have lost their attraction. The returned soldier will look electricity for em ovment; within his reach there is alwars the "Forward to the Land" ne resulty. In this lies the removily that all not only take cure of a multitude of those who may not be able to return to their former occupations, whose dewhose outdoor liabils from the past one, two, three or four years have for it that confinement would be un bearable. Farm life will thus appeal to them, and the indications are that it vill be taken advantage of by thou sands. It means much to them as well no to the Continent of America that provides the opportunity to the world at large, and to the stricken and famished nations of Europe, who, not only tisday, but for years to come, will require the sustenance that can only inracity be supplied by the United States and Canada. By following the mirsuit of agriculture the returned soldler will continue the cause he so greatly advanced when fighting on the field of battle. Both countries have undeveloped areas yet open to settle-

There is little need here to direct attention to the wealth that has come to the farmers of Canada within the past few years. It is not only in grain growing that unqualified and almost inequaled success has followed bonest effort, but the raising of horses, enttle, sheep and hogs has been large source of profit. These are facts that are well known to the many friends and acquaintances of the thousands of farmers from the United States who have acquired wealth on the prairies of Western Canada. Farms of from one hundred and sixty to six hundred and forty acres of the richest soil may be secured on reasonable terms, and with an excellent climate, with a school system equal to any in the world, and desirable social conditions, little else ould be asked.

Capadian statesmen are today busily ngaged planning for the future of the returned soldier with a view to making him independent of state help after the immediate necessary assistance has been granted, the main idea being to show in the fullest degree the country's appreciation of the services he has rendered.

But, now that the war is ended, and the fact apparent that of all avocations the most profitable and independent is that of the farmer, there will be a strong desire to secure farm lands for cultivation. Canada offers the opportunity to those seeking, not as speculation but as production. The deepest. interest is taken by Federal and Prorincial authorities to further the welfare of the farmer and secure a maximum return for his efforts. Large ums of money are spent in educational and experimental work. Engaged in Experimental and Demonstration farms, and in the agricultural colleges, are men of the highest technical knowl-

## Weekly Health Talks edge and practical experience, some he ing professors of international reputs The results of experiments and tests are free and available to all. Ed-Where Most Sickness Begins ucational opportunities for farmers are the concern of the Government and and Ends appreciation is shown by the number of

BY FRANKLIN DUANE, M. D. farmers who attend the free courses. It can be said broadly that most business Agriculture in Canada has reached a ills begin in the stomerh and end in the high standard, notwithstanding which stomack. Good digestion means health, and poor digestion means Thus upon the United States and health. The minute your stomach fails to properly dispose of the food you eat, trou-bles begin to crop out in various forms. Causda for many years will rest the great burden of feeding the world. Wish free interchange of travel, diffi-Indignation and dyspepsia are the common-est forms, but thin, impure blood, head-aches, backaches, pimples, blotches, dissi-ness, belching, coated tongue, weakness, moved, Canada may took for a speedy poor appetite, sleeplessness, coughs, colds tiers from the United States which preand brenchitie are almost as common. vailed previous to the war. During There is but one way to have good bealth, the war period there was a dread of and that is to put and keep your stomack something, no one seemed to know in good order This is easy to do if you what: If the American went to Canada take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discus-ery. It is a wonderful tonic and blood he might be conscripted, put in prison, or in his attempt to cross the border he purifier, and is so sale to take, for it is would meet with innumerable difficulmade of roots and herts. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands behind this stand true. These untruths were circulated ard medicine, and it is good to know that for a correspond by an element which if so distinguished a physician is proud to have his name identified with it. When you take Guiden Medical Discovery, you was discovered bad as interest in forare getting the tweets of the experience of trust between two peoples whose hasa doctor whose reputation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temper after medicine that contains not a drop of should of toronto of any kind. Long age Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vege The draft law of the United States adopted for the carrying out of the table ingredients without the use of ed States kept many from going to been strictly temperature medicines.

If poles are torturing you, get and use Purce's Anodyne File Ointment. The quick relief it gives is hard to believe until you try it. If constipated De Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken while long Anolyne Pile Ointment. Few inremedies will not relieve and usually overdrug stere has them for sale.



W. N. U. ST. LOUIS. NO. 3-1919.

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